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Deserted Village. page 44.

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POEMS,

George Hubert

BY

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DR. GOLDSMITH.

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THE TRAVELLER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

TO THE

Rev. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ſenſible that the friendſhip between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuſe thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inſcribed to you. It will alſo throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader underſtands, that it is addreſſed to a man, who, deſpiſing fame and fortune, has retired early to happi-

neſs and obſcurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I NOW perceive, my dear brother, the wiſdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a ſacred office, where the harveſt is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition; where the labourers are many, and the harveſt not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumſtanced, perhaps that which purſues poetical fame is the wildeſt. What from the increaſed refinement of the times, from the diverſity of judgment, produced by oppoſing ſyſtems of criticiſm, and from the more prevalent diverſions of opinion influenced by party, the ſtrongeſt and happieſt efforts can expect to pleaſe but in a very narrow circle.

POETRY

POETRY makes a principal amuſement among unpoliſhed nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Muſic come in for a ſhare. And as they offer the feeble mind a leſs laborious entertainment, they at firſt rival Poetry, and at length ſupplant her; they engroſs all favour to themſelves, and tho' but younger ſiſters, ſeize upon the elder's birth-right.

YET, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is ſtill in greater danger from the miſtaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticiſm have we not heard of late in favour of blank verſe, and Pindaric odes, choruſſes, anapeſts and iambics, illiterative care and happy negligence! Every abſurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much

in the wrong, ſo he has always much to ſay; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art ſtill more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely diſtorts the judgment, and deſtroys the taſte. A mind capable of reliſhing general beauty, when once infected with this diſeaſe, can only find pleaſure in what contributes to increaſe the diſtemper. Like the tyger that ſeldom deſiſts from purſuing man after having once preyed upon human fleſh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the moſt agreeable feaſt upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire ſome half witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having loſt the character of a wiſe one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his lampoons are called

ſatire

ſatires, his turbulence is ſaid to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

WHAT reception a poem may find, which has neither abuſe, party, nor blank verſe to ſupport it, I cannot tell, nor am I much ſolicitous to know. My aims are right. Without eſpouſing the cauſe of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to ſhew, that there may be equal happineſs in other ſtates, though differently governed from our own; that each ſtate has a particular principal of happineſs, and that this principal in each ſtate, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a miſchievous exceſs. There are few can judge better than yourſelf, how far theſe poſitions are illuſtrated in this poem.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

TRAVELLER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanded to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

ETERNAL bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where cheerful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;

Bleſt that abode where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent and care!
Impell'd with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career;
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?

Say,

Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain,
That good, which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vales,
For me your tributary ſtores combine;
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

YET, where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own,
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long night of revelry and eaſe;
The naked ſavage, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave:
Nor leſs the patriot's boaſt where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country, ever is, at home.

AND yet, perhaps if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare;
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, make their bleſſings even.

NATURE, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at Labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's ſhelvy ſide:
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.

From Art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, ſplendor, honour, liberty, content:
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Hence every ſtate to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right, where Appennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends:
Her upland ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground:
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky,
With vernal leaves that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To win now fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Men seem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults thro' all their manners reign,
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins a-new.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; nor far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state;

At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvaſs glow'd beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
But, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other ſhores her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a ſlave.

Yet ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupply'd
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeems to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
At ſports like theſe, while foreign arms advance,
In paſſive eaſe they leave the world to chance.

When noble aims have ſuffer'd long controul,
They ſink at laſt, or feebly man the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:

As

As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidſt the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My ſoul turn from them; turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the black Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly ſoothes the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, ev'n here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Tho' poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhade the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;

But

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breaks the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trouls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down, the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And ev'n thoſe hills that round his manſion riſe
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a babe, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt.

So

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

These are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd,
Their wants are few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
Since every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt;
Hence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt, excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
'Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, their manners run;

And

And love and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart:
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt,
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners rêign,
We turn; and France diſplays her bright domain,
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe;
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneful pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire!
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harſh touch faultering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days,
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.

So

So bright a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay;
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem,
'Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought:
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence Oſtentation here, with taudry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here Vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;

The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad Ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride;
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to go;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore:
While the pent Ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow-bloſſom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,

Are

Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts,
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old;
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.

Stern

Stern o'er each boſom Reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in her port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd freſh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul;
While ev'n the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt, indeed, were ſuch without alloy
But foſter'd ev'n by Freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelf-dependant lordlings ſtand alone,
All kindred claims that ſoften life unknown:
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
Whilſt over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motion ſtopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worſt. As ſocial bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talents ſink, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when ſtript of all her charms
That land of ſcholars, and that nurſe of arms,
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot claim,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame.
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure:
For juſt experience tells in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;

And

And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each;
Much on the low, the reſt, as rank ſupplies,
Should in columnar diminution riſe:
While, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it Freedom when a part aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it Freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rules the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home.
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power:

And thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waſte;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern Depopulation in her train;
And, over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen, at Pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound!

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with me divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,

The

The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a fond look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.

VAIN, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure,
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience, all our own.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an addreſs of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to eſtabliſh my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are ſaid to excel; and I may loſe much by the ſeverity of your judgment, as few have a juſter taſte in poetry than you. Setting intereſt therefore aſide, to which I never paid much attention, I muſt be indulged at preſent in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, becauſe I loved him better than moſt

moſt other men. He is ſince dead. Permit me to inſcribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleaſed with the verſification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed ſeveral of our beſt and wiſeſt friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be ſeen, and the diſorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can ſcarce make any other anſwer than that I ſincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all poſſible pains, in my country excurſions, for theſe four or five years paſt, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe thoſe miſeries real, which I here attempt to diſplay.

diſplay. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating or not; the diſcuſſion would take up much room, and I ſhould prove myſelf, at beſt, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh againſt the increaſe of our luxuries; and here alſo I expect the ſhout of modern politicians againſt me. For twenty or thirty years paſt, it has been the faſhion to conſider luxury as one of the greateſt national advantages; and all the wiſdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I muſt remain a profeſſed ancient on that head, and continue to think thoſe luxuries prejudicial to ſtates,

ſtates, by which ſo many vices are introduced, and ſo many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, ſo much has been poured out of late on the other ſide of the queſtion, that merely for the ſake of novelty and variety, one would ſometimes wiſh to be in the right.

I am, dear SIR,

Your ſincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, lov'lieſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring ſwain.
Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
Seats of my youth, when every ſpot could pleaſe;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The ſhelter'd cote, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſpering lovers made;
How often have I bleſt the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree;

While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſlights of art and feats of ſtrength went round;
And ſtill as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd;
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village; ſports like
theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion taught even toil to pleaſe,
Theſe round thy bowers their chearful influence
ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are
fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, lov'lieſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn,
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrants hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green;
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain:

No

No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow-ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began:
When every rood of ground maintain'd it's man;
For him light Labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His beſt companions, innocence and health,
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land, and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repoſe;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Theſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe far departing ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs thy tyrant's pow'r.
Here as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, and hawthorn grew:
Here, as with doubtful, penſive ſteps I range,
Trace every ſcene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'ring round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my ſhare—
I ſtill

I ſtill had hopes, my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
My anxious day to huſband near the cloſe,
And keep life's flame from waſting by repoſe;
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill;
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw:
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt ſhe flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O BLEST retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine.
How bleſt is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from his gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;

Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way,
And all his proſpects bright'ning at the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound, when oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below:
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool:
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſoft confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
But all their blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;

She,

She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep 'till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, were a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place,
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;

The broken ſoldier kindly bade to ſtay,
Set by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learnt to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fled offspring to the ſkies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed were parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

A r

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile;
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven:
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beside yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool:
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace,
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too:
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For ev'n though vanquiſh'd he, could argue ſtill:
While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around:
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd;

Where

Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendours of that feſtive place:
The white waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day
With aſpan boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay;
While broken tea cups, wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

VAIN tranſitory ſplendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his ponderous ſtrength, and learn to hear;

The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.

Yes let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and own their firſt-born ſway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmoleſted, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, ev'n while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart, diſtruſting, aſks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey
The rich man's joys encreaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limit ſtand
Between a ſplendid and a happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;

Hoards,

Hoards, ev'n beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupply'd:
Space for his lake, his parks extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure all,
In barren ſplendour feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She

She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd;
But verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;
While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And, while he ſinks without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah, where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city ſped—what waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;

Here,

Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The doom where pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here richly deckt admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare;
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts!—Ah, turn thine
eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies;
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn;
Now loſt to all her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head;
And pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the
ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, ſweet AUBURN, thine, the lov'lieſt
train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love,

Good

Good heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd, in vain,
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And, ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, who firſt prepar'd to go,
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds, beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſt her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
While her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the decent manlineſs of grief.

O Luxury!

O Luxury! Thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldly woe;
'Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand,
Contented Toil, and hoſpitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderneſs, are there;
And Piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou lov'lieſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degenerate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame?
Dear charming nymph neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride;
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and kept me ſo!
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well:
Farewell, and Oh! where'er thy voice be try'd
On Torno's cliff, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of the inclement clime;
And ſlighted Truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale
"And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale,
"With hoſpitable ray.

"For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
"With fainting ſtep and ſlow;
"Where wilds immeaſureably ſpread,
"Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my ſon," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
"For yonder phantom only flies
"To lure thee to thy doom,

"Here

" Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
" My door is open ſtill :
" And though my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good-will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows ;
" My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To ſlaughter I condemn ;
" Taught by that Power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring ;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
" For earth-born cares are wrong ;
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far ſhelter'd in a glade obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch,
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crouds retire
To take their ev'ning reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt:

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly, preſt and ſmil'd;
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow:

His

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove,
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay:
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
"The modern fair one's jeſt:
"On earth unſeen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's neſt.

"For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
"And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms:
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt,
A maid, in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
"Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where heav'n and you reſide.

"But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
"Whom love has taught to ſtray:
"Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
"He had but only me.

"To win me, from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" Nor wealth nor power had he;
" A conſtant heart was all he had,
" But that was all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heav'n refin'd,
" Could naught of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" 'Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay ;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

" And, there forlorn deſpairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die :
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, heav'n !" the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt :
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide ;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to ſee,
" Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign :
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life——my all that's mine."

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true ;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domeſtic ſtrife,
Jack Book-worm liv'd a college life;
A fellowſhip at twenty-five
Made him the happieſt man alive;
He drank his glaſs, and crack'd his joke,
And Freſhmen wonder'd as he ſpoke;
Without politeneſs aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.

Such pleaſures, unallay'd with care
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's ſhaft at length transfix,
Our ſwain arriv'd at thirty-ſix?

O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to ſtop
At triumphs in a Fleet-ſtreet ſhop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
O!——But let exclamation ceaſe,
Her preſence baniſh'd all his peace.

Our alter'd Parſon now began
To be a perfect ladies man;
Made ſonnets, liſp'd his ſermons o'er,
And told the tales he told before,
Of bailiffs pump'd and proctors bit,
At college how he ſhew'd his wit;
And, as the fair one ſtill approv'd,
He fell in love——or thought he lov'd.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miſs frown'd, and bluſh'd, and then was—married.

Need we expoſe to vulgar ſight,
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it ſuffice, that each had charms;
He claſp'd a goddeſs in his arms;

And,

And, tho' ſhe felt his viſage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

THE honey-moon like light'ning flew,
The ſecond brought its tranſports too,
A third, a fourth was not amiſs,
The fifth was friendſhip mix'd with bliſs:
But, when a twelvemonth paſs'd away,
Jack'd found his goddeſs made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
Aroſe from powder, ſhreds, or lace;
But ſtill the worſt remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

SKILL'D in no other art was ſhe,
But dreſſing, patching, repartee;
And, juſt as humour roſe or fell,
By turns a ſlattern or a belle:
'Tis true ſhe dreſs'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greaſy night-caps wrapt her head,
Could ſo much beauty condeſcend
To be a dull domeſtic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency ſo fine a thing?

In ſhort, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Now tawdry madam kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'ſquire and captain took their ſtations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack ſuck'd his pipe, and often broke
A ſigh in ſuffocating ſmoke;
She, in her turn, became perplexing,
And found ſubſtantial bliſs in vexing.
Thus every hour was paſs'd between
Inſulting repartee or ſpleen.
Each day, the more her faults were known,
He thinks her features coarſer grown;
Her fancies every vice ſhe ſhews,
Or thins her lips, or points her noſe:
Whenever rage or envy riſe,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes?
He knows not how, but ſo it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz;
And, tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Thus, to perplex the ravell'd nooſe,
While each a different way purſues,

While

While ſullen or loquacious ſtrife
Promis'd to hold on for life,
That dire diſeaſe, whoſe ruthleſs power
Withers the beauty's tranſient flower:
Lo! the ſmall-pox, whoſe horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, riſling ev'ry youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glaſs, grown hateful to her ſight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art ſhe vainly tries
To bring back luſtre to her eyes.
In vain ſhe tries her paſtes and creams,
To ſmooth her ſkin, or hide its ſeams;
Her country beaux and city couſins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The ſquire himſelf was ſeen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam, now condemn'd to hack
The reſt of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleaſing him alone.
Jack ſoon was dazzled to behold
Her preſent face ſurpaſs the old;

With

With modeſty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility diſplaces pride;
For taudry finery is ſeen,
A perſon ever neatly clean:
No more preſuming on her ſway
She learns good nature every day.
Serenely gay and ſtrict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I ſought in vain to find
A likeneſs for the ſcribbling kind;
The modern ſcribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and ſenſe, and nature's ſpite:
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon:
I think I met with ſomething there,
To ſuit my purpoſe to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
Firſt pleaſe to turn to God Mercurius;

You'll

You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the ſecond, page the tenth:
The ſtreſs of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our ſimile.

Imprimis, pray obſerve his hat.
Wings upon either ſide——mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather!
Why theſe denotes a brain of feather.
A brain of feather, very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as too modern bard's decreed:
A juſt compariſon——proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruſe,
Wings grow again from both his ſhoes;
Deſign'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godſhip through the air;
And here my ſimile unites,
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm ſure it may be juſtly ſaid,
His feet are uſeful as his head.

Lastly; vouchſafe t'obſerve his hand,
Fill'd with a ſnake-incircled wand;
By claſſic authors term'd caducis,
And highly fam'd for ſeveral uſes.

To wit--moſt wondrouſly endu'd,
No poppy-water half ſo good;
For let folks only get a touch,
It's ſoporific virtue's ſuch,
Tho' ne'er ſo much awake before,
That quickly they begin to ſnore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's ſouls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The ſerpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denotes the rage with which he writes,
His frothy ſlaver, venom'd bites;
An equal ſemblance ſtill to keep,
Alike they both conduce to ſleep.
This difference only, as the God,
Drove ſouls to Tart'rus with his rod;
With his gooſe quill the ſcribbling elf,
Inſtead of others, damns himſelf.

And here my ſimile almoſt tript,
Yet grant a word by way of poſtſcript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it--ſtealing:

In

I which all modern bard's agree,
Being each as great a thief as he;
But ev'n this deity's exiſtence,
Shall lend my ſimile aſſiſtance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but ſenſeleſs ſtones and blocks?

AN ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH OF A MAD-DOG.

GOOD people all of every ſort,
Give ear unto my ſong;
And if you find it wond'rous ſhort,
It cannot hold you long.

In Iſlington there was a man,
Of whom the world might ſay,
That ſtill a godly race he ran,
When'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at firſt were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring ſtreets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran;
And ſwore the dog had loſt his wits,
To bite ſo good a man.

The wound it ſeem'd both ſore and ſad,
To every Chriſtian eye;
And while they ſwore the dog was mad,
They ſwore the man would die.

But ſoon a wonder came to light,
That ſhew'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

THE END OF GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.